

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Good Work of Widowed Mothers' Fund

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals or fortis.

Do you know that New York state has more institutions and less family life—real home life—for the child than any other state in the whole world?

More than 34,000 children are at present in New York state institutions.

The large majority of half orphans are there only because the mother is, wholly against her will, repulsive to every fiber of her mother-love, forced to part with her own children because she is too poor to maintain them! No other cause. No crime!

Thus the children are swallowed up in the pauper, institutional or foster home, and mothers are weeping for their children—refusing to be comforted because they are not.

It costs approximately \$5 to house and board a child in an institution for one week.

That institution frequently farms out the child with a foster mother and pays her—the foster mother—for its keep.

Heretofore more money, energy, time and attention have been devoted by the federal and state governments for the conservation of the streams and forests, for the protection of fish and game, for the treatment of diseases of the horse, the cow and the dog, for the care of epileptics, feeble-minded, insane and the more unfortunate beings totally bereft of reason, than has been given to the willing and waiting, sane and susceptible, eager and bright little children hungering and longing for the mother-love, and some one to help until they can help themselves, and afterward render more than an equivalent to their benefactors, to society and the state. Now the country is beginning to awake to the needs of a widowed mothers' pension law.

Illinois, under the leadership of Henry Nell of Chicago, was the first to blaze the way in 1912, and since then twenty states have followed. Why should New York, the greatest state of all, lag behind?

This bill is now before the legislature, and if passed will take effect October 1, 1915.

It is not a fight against institutional homes!

It is not a protest against private charities!

It is a supplemental or comparative proposition working on harmony and co-operation and not against real charities.

Instead of giving the child and \$5 per week or any other sum, to the institution, localities are empowered at their discretion to give the \$5 direct to the mother and not tear the child away from her affection—often as it has transpired to the previous disaster of both mother and child.

But while we are waiting for the wise men of New York state to pass this bill, and for it to go into action, there is an opportunity to assist a private organization, banded together for the same purpose, the assistance of widowed mothers and orphans.

This is the Widowed Mothers' Fund association. This society has strong names to sustain it. Mrs. Simon Baruch and Mrs. Munroe Stern being among the number. It has existed six years, and it has spent \$25,000. Of this amount \$25,000 was used directly in giving relief to widowed mothers, \$3,000 only being employed in expenses incident to the organization.

A great many of our large charities use three-fourths of the money they receive to pay for expensive quarters and to pay salaries to their officers; therefore, it is rather unusual to find an association which can show such statistics as the Widowed Mothers' Fund association. Only those who try to assist the unfortunate women who have been left widowed with small children and with no income realize the need which exists all about us.

With all the charities which can be named there is no one more worthy than this association, organized by a few women who realized the tremendous amount of good that could be accomplished in this particular field. Through the efforts of this association hundreds of worthy but destitute mothers and their little children have been cared for. This organization derives its support from the general public by voluntary contributions and annual membership dues. Its sphere of usefulness is limited only by the funds at its disposal. It is a worthy organization, and should be maintained and strengthened.

Stomach Fine! Indigestion, Gas, Sourness Gone—Pape's Diapepsin

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—really does! overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that's just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you feel gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath sour; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing

The Lady o' Lent

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



She forgets her dance card for short seasons, even though her heel and toe ache for the ecstasy of the hesitation. She cuts her old friend Danny on the street, 'stead 'o makin' soft eyes at him as usual. She plasters her flying hair down, St. Cecilia fashion, to rebuke the vanity that looks from her eyes.

If she's chubby, she holds up her hand and turns her eyes up in vow of abstinence when chocolates are offered. She speaks no evil and keeps her temper, even though the colored stars fly out on either side. She burns up the face of the handsomest man she knows—so she may not think too hard of him.—Nell Brinkley.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

(Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnaped.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Through the trees the moonlight glistened on distant water, and the shadows of the trees lay in fantastic, twisted patterns on the hillside.

Dawn, the red glow of the sunrise, filtering through the midst of the morning, stole in at the open door of the villa.

"So this is friend wife's pretty new companion," observed Villard. "Well, friend wife has excellent taste."

"Don't be in a hurry," he chuckled. "We must get acquainted," and, suddenly reaching forward, he put his hand under her chin and turned up her face. She jerked away, but he closed the door toward which she darted and, gathering her in his long arms, crushed her to him, raising his face after kiss upon her suddenly cold cheek, his light gray eyes flaming. June struggled, but he was firm and her shrieks muffled, but one pair of ears heard. There was a crash of glass, the flash of a long, lithe, white and brown

body through the room, and then, with an oath, Villard released his hold on the fatigued girl. Bouncer! He had sunk his teeth into Villard's arm, and now he was a whirlwind of canine fury. The man turned pale with fear, kicking and striking at the enraged animal. "Bouncer!"

That cry from June saved Villard's life, for the dog, with a yelp of joy, was springing for his throat as he fell. The man lay back. The dog stood still, motionless. The man's hand moved nervously. The collar moved precisely that same amount. Villard did not twitch a muscle from that time, except to speak. "Call off the dog!" he ordered. "Watch him, Bouncer," said June quietly.

June rose from the chair into which she had limply sunk, but a cold anger had come to replace her weakness. She walked from the room and, going to the house phone in the hall, called to the kitchen.

"Has Mrs. Villard returned?" she inquired of the maid who answered. "Not yet."

"Do you know where to reach her?" "Any one down at the cottages will hunt her up and give her your message." "Ask her to come home immediately, please. Tell her it is quite important."

"She walked back to the boathouse and glanced in at the door. The two statues were as she had left them. At the sound of her footstep Bouncer wagged the tip of his tail, but not for one fleeting instant did he remove his fiery eyes from the pale gray eyes of Bert Villard.

Mrs. Villard hurrying up the stairs within a few moments, found June in the landing alcove white, shivering as if with cold.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Villard, but I am going at once," she said before the older woman had even a chance to speak.

"Why, child?" Mrs. Villard's face was full of concern, but as she stared at June her brows knitted and a flush crept into her cheeks—"what—what is the matter?" she faltered.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There was a funny old German cain up to our house last nite, his name is Herr Maus. He looked kind of sad & talked kind of sad all the time that he was there. I was kind of glad when he went, because I began to feel sad, too.

He cain hoam with Pa. Pa had been all the afternoon at a club meeting & he felt as happy as Herr Maus felt sad. He did everything he coud to cheer up his friend, & he acted so cheerful that Ma was looking at him very close.

Oh, life is such a sadness, sed Herr Maus. As Herr Maus coud not say, When Winter comes and birds take wing, Life is sadder as everything.

But winter is almost gone, Herr Maus, putting him on the back. Winter is here for but a short time longer, & then we shall have spring, the joyous spring, sed Pa. Spring, with its flowers & its green shoots shooting up everywhere, & the song of the first robin in the green fields, & its little trout flashing in the purling brooks. Spring, spring, eternal spring, sed Pa.

And then in the spring we shall have rain, rain, sed Herr Maus. My poor brother August, once it rained in the spring and rained and rained, so that a great sadness made itself his heart in and when he to the barn went with a rope out of it did he come no more on his two feet. Ach, the spring, too, is sad, sed Herr Maus, & all the seasons as they cum & go, they get sadder & sadder.

But you have yure family to comfort you, sed Ma, yure wife & child. That, too, are sad, my wife and child, sed Herr Maus. They know as I know that in this life is not much joy and oh, so much sorrow. My little son Fritz is the saddest little boy I have ever saw, he sed. Tomorrow, maybe, I bring

him over to play with your little son. Then they can be sad together, he sed. If Fritz wants to be sad he will have to be sad by himself, I toald Herr Maus. I am not sad often enuff to be good company for him. Life is too short for that. I am happy most of the time & I think it is a grate world to live in, & I am always glad to see my father & mother happy too. I never saw my father as happy as he is today, I toald Herr Maus.

You are rite, Bobbie, sed Pa. I am bursting with joy. I suppose it is the call of the not far distant spring, Pa sed, but in any event I am fairly sparkling. Bring the good old bugle, boys, sed Pa. I coud march throu Georgy, without getting out of wind, I feel that full of life, he sed.

How much business did you transack at yure club, sed Ma. Quite a lot, quite a lot, sed Pa. My friend here, Herr Maus, will agree with me that it was one of the hardest afternoons that we ever put in at the club. But now it is over, and here, in the buzzum of my dearest family, do I drive dull care away. Three cheers for my glorious country, Pa sed, & three cheers for the dear Fatherland of Herr Maus.

Even Pa sed Fatherland Herr Maus began to cry. Ma looked at Pa laffing and Herr Maus crying, & sed: Yee, indeed, I agree with both of you that it must have been a hard afternoon at the club.

Instruction Reversed. "What are you going to tell your constituents when you get home?"

"I'm not going to tell them anything," replied Senator Sorghum. "Out our way the people used to expect a statesman to give instructive discourse. Now they require him to keep quiet while they tell him a few things."—Washington Star.

Woman's Sphere—Why It's Growing

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

"A lecturer once asked: 'What is woman's sphere?' Then he paused to take a sip of water, and got his answer from the galaxy, thus: 'Woman's sphere is anything she can span.'"

Woman's work is any useful thing she can do well.

The advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficent revolution.

Up to the time of the civil war a woman school teacher was a curiosity.

The typical man schoolmaster, with his handy lurch, can yet be vividly remembered by many.

Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force.

"The teacher is the child's other mother," said Froebel. We didn't believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About 1862 the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the government offices at Washington. Women whose husbands, fathers and brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

Buy 1870 women were acting as clerks and saleswomen in shops and stores. At the Centennial exposition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time.

In 1881 I sent a manuscript to a publisher and got it back with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any manuscript that was not typewritten.

I lifted a wall that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine!

I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a larynx on the piano.

The typewriter makers could not sell their machines unless they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use a typewriter.

But in a short time business colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter ranks in usefulness with the electric car.

Rapid methods of writing are as necessary as quick transportation.

Whitney received wages in America now of over \$300,000.00 a year.

It is said that the lady typewriter has at times disturbed the domestic peace; but trolley cars, too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are quite sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other!

The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst, and she knows her tastes, habits and disposition.

This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward.

No longer do you hear men talk of making their pile and retiring to enjoy it.

The man who fails to get enjoyment out of his business will never enjoy anything, and, what is more, will not succeed in business.

Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort. The introduction of the one-price system has been a heaven that has worked its influence through the whole lump.

Honesty as a business asset is everywhere recognized. If the goods are part cotton and look like wool, you are now frankly told that the article may be a yard wide, but it is not all wool.

We keep faith with our customers. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not do business with us.

Thus, through the conservation of friendship in business, we are gaining an education and evolving a new morality.

And the fact that honesty in business and truth in trade arrived with the advent of women is no mere coincidence.

Don't Merely "Stop" a Cough

Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a bad cough do not proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—heat the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 24 cents worth of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint of the most pleasant and effective cough remedy you ever used, at a cost of only 54 cents. No bother to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

It heals the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in gualaric acid, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "24 cents of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.